DRAMAS LIVELY AND SEVERE AND STARS WHO ARE DITTO.

E. S. Willard in "The Physician."

At Wallack's.

Of all the "types" created by men's various occupations, the physician is the hardest to portray in drama or story. The best stage doctor is less like a real one than the thinking ladies in a ballroom scene, presented by a fourth rate road company are like members of the aristocracy. This is the more strange because a doctor's "make-up" is one of the easiest in the whole list. The difficulty is inside the skin.

In most plays where doctors figure, they fill roles of utility without distinction—much the sort of role they play in real life.

Dr. Lewin Carey in Henry Arthur Jones's play, "The Physician," is a different sort of person. He is a great central figure around which all the fortunes of the drama revolve. New York had the first opportunity of seeing the distinguished Dr. Carey last evening at Wallack's Theatre. He will pass for a physician with all but a few who know the mysteries; he will be accepted as a splendid dramatic figure by everybody.

Dr. Carey is in love with a married flirt (later a widow) when we first see him, and, being a physician, he knows that it's mighty serious business; so serious that he calls in another doctor to advise him. This is Dr. Brooker, who, as Mr. H. Cane presents him, isn't very much like a real doctor, except that he doesn't know what to do with the case. Dr. Carey is much more benefited by Miss Edana Hinde, who comes to consult him about her sweetheart, Walter Campbell, a temperance advocate, secretly addicted to drink, and supposed to be working himself to death.

Miss Hinde tells the doctor that he must go to see Amphiel because Amphiel won't come to him. However, that's where Miss Hinde is mistaken, for Amphiel comes to Carey concealing his name and pretending, in the good old way, that it's a friend of his who is ill.

So there you are. A doctor and a victim of alcoholism both in love with a nice girl, and the drunkard the doctor's patient. It's a good plot, further complicated by the fact that Amphiel confesses to the doctor a disgraceful act of his early life—the ruin of a girl. It was remorse for that which drove him to the cup. Now what would the doctor naturally do in such a situation? Would he prevent the marriage of the drunkard and the girl? Could he, under any circumstances, tell her?

While the audience is finding out what Mr. Jones considers proper in that matter it hears some very clever lines and sees interesting action, though it's not rapid at the outset. There are some excellent characterizations. Mr. Oswald Yorke plays the drunkard admirably, though with here and there a touch of exaggeration that mars the effect. Miss Keith Wakeman as the married flirt takes advantage of some new lines to lift that most familiar character out of the commonplace, and she does it extremely well.

"It's a devil of a world for women, Lewin," says she. "Don't moralize about it."

But she herself moralizes, in some of the best lines of the play.

Mr. Vernon Clarges, as a country rector, father of the heroine, contributes a clever bit. Alas, his (stage) daughter, is hardly worthy of her (stage) sire. Miss Maud Hoffman is a pretty girl, as her picture in the lobby proves, and she must have ability, or Mr. Willard wouldn't have brought her over as his leading lady this year. But she doesn't know what to do with her arms. She smiles in ten-minute stretches, during which she communicates painful tidings such as would make most women very sad; she uses her voice mechanically. But probably she was nervous last evening, and will not do so any more. Let us turn to Mr. Willard.

Mr. Willard believes that the part of the physician in this play is the most successful that he has ever essayed, and there will be few to contradict him. He is splendidly earnest. In his strongest scenes he is thoroughly convincing. When he doesn't tell Edana that the man she loves is worse than a beast; when he doesn't forsake the fellow, but gives him one more chance, he approaches greatness for he approaches nature. In his lighter scenes—especially with clever Miss Wakeman—he is charming, and these bits will do much to insure the play's success.

"The Physician" is very handsomely staged. The accessories are all carefully attended to—except an electric lamp, whose wire tripped the rector. Last night's audience—which filled the house—greeted Mr. Willard cordially, remained faithful to him throughout the performance, and seemed to appreciate the many excellences of the play.

Richard Mansfield in "The Devil's Disciple."

By Alan Dale.

After all, the masses are very comforting. The "select few" are snares and delusions, and extremely unnourishing. George Bernard Shaw, the finest and most fastidious dramatic critic in London, came "down from his perch" at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, last night, and catered successfully to the crowd, with a brand new melodrama called "The Devil's Disciple." The author of "Arms and the Man," the quaint and wheezy little trifle that appealed to "culture" only, has trodden upon real earthy earth and made an interesting Mansfield play that Tom will like, that Dick will go to see, and that Harry will view with his best girl on Saturday night. Yes, the masses are comforting. You can say what you like—but they are.

Richard Mansfield made no mistake (I don't suppose he admits that he has ever made one) in accepting the "Devil's Disciple." It gives him a part that is so "fat" that it positively drips. It furnishes him with gorgeous "centres of the stage," the very pattest sort of badinage in which Mansfield excels, all the heroics of melodrama without its blood and thunder; a child to toy with, a woman to fall in love with, a ministerial "villain" to unmask, and ineffable clots of that "sympathy of the audience," without which the human star twinkleth not in comfort. George Bernard Shaw has done this for Mansfield, and probably in London this morning he will suffer the exquisitely mingled pangs of that joy, which is of the pocketbook, and that sorrow which is of the eccentric poseur.

Mr. Shaw thought "Secret Service" merely a conventional melodrama done up in a new American form, and possibly "The Devil's Disciple" may come under a similar classification. It is a play that is apparently "out of the ordinary run;" though in reality very much in that run. And as the run stimulates the playwright and entertains the audience, there is nothing to deplore. Mr. Shaw this time has catered to popularity, and probably got it. Twenty-one out of twenty playwrights ask for nothing more.

The hero of "The Devil's Disciple" is Richard Dudgeon, one of those good-for-nothings, who on the stake, are good for at least five acts—six, if they can get them. He lives in New Hampshire in '1777, in troublous times of which history telleth. He is a disciple of the devil, because he cannot "abide" the Puritanism that makes children weep and causes haggard old dames in starched Mother Hubbard caps to talk rigid morality by the hour. He makes his first appearance at the reading of his father's will, in a house of mourning. His quips and his persiflage catch the house instantly. No star could desire a finer effect of contrast. Mr. Mansfield won everybody instantly by appearing as a bright oasis in a desert of gloom. He starts in heroically to comport a "natural" child, to whom the rude term "bastard" has been applied by Dame Dudgeon. The audience likes him immensely. He is lovely, and the first curtain falls on him, saying soothing things to the vexed girl.

Then you see him at the Presbyterian minister's house. The wife is in deadly fear of him as a blasphemous scoundrel, but the minister paves the way for what instantly follows, by discoursing upon the akinness of love and hate. Then the minister goes out and leaves them alone. Soldiers enter to arrest the minister. The good-for-nothing starts in to show what a great deal he is good for. He is mistaken for the minister, and eagerly takes his place. The wife embraces him—just a trifle fondly—and away he goes. And when the husband returns, after a highly effective and artistic dropping of the curtain, the truth is gradually told to him. Presbyterian minister instantly turns poltroon, and instead of flying to save the man who was willing to take his place, he rushes off in an agony of fear, with $25 in his pocket, and no anxiety to even say farewell to his wife. This struck me as being "so sudden" don't you know, but we all like to have a whack at the ministers occasionally (they have so many at us from their pulpits), and, as I said before, this time Mr. Shaw is out for the masses.

The ne'er do well turns out to be a thorough martyr. The minister's wife is dead in love with him, and Tom, Dick and Harry wax wildly enthusiastic over his saucy speeches in the cell, and at the reckless way in which he tells poor love-sick Mrs. Minister that his deed of heroism was not dictated by love—heroism has nothing to do with that torridest of passions. It was entirely due to se...respect—and so on.

It is a neat little play, full of good things. It is a conventional melodrama, unconventionally handled. If Mr. Shaw were asked to criticise it as the work of another, he would say the same thing. Everybody appeared to like it immensely, and Mansfield was credited with another "Mansfield part," which he badly needed, and which will, I trust, redeem us from more "Prince Karl" and "Dr. Jekyll," and "Parisian Romance." "The Devil's Disciple" is capitally written. There are none of Shaw's poses of egoism, socialistic twinges and eerie philosophy in it. Yet there is quite enough in it to satisfy the unthinking that it is occasionally cynical and frequently satiric. It is not caviare, like "Arms and the Man."

It is meaty theatrical meat, that is served up with footlight sauce and many of the tricks of the trade. It is well constructed; just short enough to leave a pleasant flavor behind it, and most cunningly spiced with "atmosphere." It will place Mr. Shaw in a light that he has pretended very hard to dislike. So many of us pretend to despise that light. But it is a good, a pleasant, and a worldly light, and there is no reason why we shouldn't adore it.

Mansfield played the good-for-nothing in his best humor and his most gracious form. He has never done better. His acting was free from the affectations in which he delights. He was earnest, artistic and natural. There was no grease paint about his methods, not a vestige of clap-trap or pose. It was an unpretentious effort and it was a successful one. Mrs. Mansfield as the ministerial wife was just as painful as ever in her asthmatic emotion. The little catches in the voice, the interrupted gurgles, were very trying. If this lady could only learn repose!

According to the programme, Mr. Mansfield was the only member of the cast with a baptismal name. All the actors were misters—Mr. Johnson, Mr. Andrews, Mr. Griffith, Mr. Hunter. Why they should have been done out of their initials I can't for the life of me imagine. Initials may be undignified, but they save a lot of bother. such dignity I call extremely rude. Mr. Johnson was the Presbyterian minister, and a very bad one he was. I have never seen a worse. Mr. Andrews was the good-for-nothing's brother, with heavy comedy effect. The other misters had very little to do, but serve as a background for the star. In their initial-less condition I wont bother to mention them. Miss Monk (the ladies were also all surname), played a mother with densest melodramatic manners, and Miss Briscoe, a very young girl, was the "natural" child in a rather unnatural way.

"The Devil's Disciple" had nice, dark, shady scenery. It was vociferously applauded at the close of each act. How vexed Mr. Shaw will be to hear of this applause. Applause is so common and earthy.

Vesta Tilley at Weber & Fields'.

In the peculiar form of masculine dress which the English consider the correct thing for a schoolboy at Eton, Vesta Tilley did her third bow to New York last night, and probably made a better impression than ever she did in the old days of the "Sad Sea Waves."

The Tilly person, whom we know best through the flannel suit and that same "Sad Sea" affair, has improved. She is a much better article of entertainment than she was when we saw her last, and she has at least one song that it better than anything she has done for us. She said the other day that she would try on the "Eton Boy" just to see how we would like it. She made it her introduction, and never reached the level of it afterward. It is the daintiest, most artistic thing in a long programme.

Weber & Fields's Music Hall was jammed with chappies in Tuxedos, and actors out of work, a characteristic audience for the old house. Miss Tilley faced that critical assemblage—critical because it is either tired or jealous—and caught them. She got rather a stout heid, too, for they made her earn her money on this first night. Her turn ought to last about twenty minutes, but they forced her to string it out to almost three-quarters of an hour of hard work. She sang no less than seven songs, and made a change for each, so she probably slept the slumber of a farm hand when she crept into bed last night.

This "Eton Boy" affair is delightful. It is the tale of how a bright lad of resources shows his aunty round the town and receives a fifty-pound note from the grateful relative when he loads her on the cars for her country home. Miss Tilley cannot sing. She doesn't even think she can, but she makes everybody else think so, and that is where she is wise.

She makes a song go because she has the habit of industry. Had she been a scrub woman instead of a music hall artist, she would have been a good servant—she would have worked. Every moment of her stage time is work, work, work. There is never a relaxation for the infinitesimal part of a second, and when she isn't singing at all she makes you think she is, and you want her back again.

The songs are not all good. "The Oofless Duke," which is starred as a transatlantic hit, is very dreary. If there is melody to it, the strongest mental effort might not discover it, and you know it is a song she is doing because the orchestra is playing. By the way, that orchestra is bad enough to break a harmony heart. Half the time the industrious but mistaken musicsmiths were off the key. When they weren't off the key they were off the tune, and Miss Tilley almost forgot her shop smile in her vain attempts to get with them. That might possibly account for the failure of "The Oofless Duke." At any rate he was bad.

"For the Week End" is better, and "The Militiaman" is more than clever. With the "Eton Boy" out of it, that would be the hit of the twenty minutes. "The Piccadilly Johnny" has been made familiar to us by the horde of non-producers who do "limitations," and so it had not the novelty which obtained with the other bits.

There were flowers and flowers, and encores and calls, until she had to go back to tradition and drag out the poor old "Sad Sea Waves" again, doing it with the familiar business of three years ago—and they liked it.

And the clothes? Well, they were nice clothes. They had the habit of fit, and Miss Tilley could always put her hands in her pocket, which every woman can't, and she looked real mannish when she did it. But there are others who have taste in the manner of clothes, and Fay Templeton is one of them. When, not long ago, Fay was the "best dressed man in New York," she was quite as well "done up" as Miss Tilley, and carried the garments of her antithesis quite as gracefully as does this little English lady.

Miss Tilley's Prince Alberts, as we still call them, are charming, and her trousers are almost as good as Herbert Kelcey's. Her collars are not everything they might be. They have a way of being too large, and her ties seem to seek to hide the fault by crawling up over them. The programme says that is the correct thing. It may be so, but it is very awkward.

However, Miss Tilley's clothes are no more than the frame for the picture, anyway, and you forget about them when you see the picture. She is a clever little woman, who knows the value of work, and she is pleasant to see and to hear.

Proctor's Living Pictures.

An elaborate production of living pictures was made at Proctor's Theatre yesterday and scored an immediate success. Several paintings of celebrated masters which were displayed at the recent Paris, Berlin and Vienna salons were reproduced with accuracy, realism and artistic effect. The models are handsome and the lightning effects are perfect in every detail. Helene Mora, the majestic-volced baritone, sang several new songs which roused the audience to tumultuous applause. McIntyre and Heath presented their army sketch and were warmly applauded, as were Williams and Walker, who sang their latest hits. The remainder of the programme included Charles K. Sweet, the tramp pianist; the Five Cassillians in "A Game of Wits," the Street Arabs, Sextette, the Randalls, Arthur Rigby, Shelvey and Sheridan, Rinehart sisters, Vora Hart and Alice Burwick.

The Manhattan Theatre was dark, rehearsals of "The First Born" and "A Night Session" being in progress in preparation for the opening of those pieces in a double bill to-night.

James J. Corbett and company, in "A Naval Cadet," opened a week's engagement at the Columbus Theatre, presenting the melodrama to a crowded house.

The Pleasure Palace enlivened its programme with a startling acrobatic act by the Sisters Picchiani, who arrived last week from Italy. The Northern Troupe of English specialty dancers also made their debut and were well received.

French Farce "The Proper Caper."

At Hoyt's.

Highly amusing, and not so indelicate as to be offensive, is Charles Frohman's anonymous version of "Le Paradis," which Hennequin and Bilhaud wrote to provoke the merriment of Parisians.

The farce was presented at Hoyt's Theatre last night, with the personal charms of Amelia Bingham held out as a toothsome detail of the attraction. Miss Bingham as Ninette, a music hall singer, was the exciting cause of the trials of the other characters, as well as of most of the pleasures of the audience during the progress of the piece. Robert F. Cotton, with a mutilated black mustache and a black wig, thin on the brow and bushy at the back of his neck, was the wildly jealous Arpad Villagos, of Hungary, whose provocations of Ninette were in the nature of a first cause.

Still back of the jealous Hungarian and his provocations was the domestic situation which precipitated the whole difficulty.

Thomas Burns had a deal of hard and laugh-inspiring work to do in representing Casimir Beaujolais, a retired man of business, who found himself in Paris, at leisure and consumed with a desire to do the "Proper Caper." With him to Paris came his wife, Immortelle, acted by Kate Meek. While Casimir believed it to be the duty of all old chaps finding themselves in Paris with plenty of leisure and money to be gay boys, Immortelle, having obtained her views of the young men of Paris solely from novels, believed all of them, without exception, to be entangled in affairs prejudicial to matrimony as it should be. Therefore when their daughter, Mignone, who is May E. Wood, discovers that she wishes to marry Robert Delangeville, a painter, who loves her to distraction, Immortelle insists that her husband shall go to the painter and demand that he break off with the other ladies of his acquaintance.

This duty comes very handy to Casimir, who needs some sort of an excuse to be much away from home. Somebody tells him of Ninette, who happens to have been a schoolday friend of the painter, and he immediately purchases a couple of diamond bracelets and makes his way to Ninette's apartments, whither he is preceded by the painter and an actor friend, who induce Ninette to pretend a situation of which the truly good painter is wholly innocent.

It should be said that before Casimir calls on Ninette he has subjected himself to the rejuvenating process of Professor Ziegenliever, having some pints of the blood of a healthy billy goat injected into his veins. The audience at Hoyt's was not apparently dismayed by the evidences in Ninette's apartments that the billy goat blood in Casimer's veins had taken effect.

In this scene the jealous Hungarian lover of Ninette pops in and out constantly, always thirsting for some rival's blood. To save poor Casimer's life Ninette puts him into the apron of an upholsterer, who has gone to his dinner, and he has to climb a step ladder at the risk of his life and upholster at the command of Mr. Cotton, in his mutilated mustache.

At the height of the action the painter and his actor friend do their parts, and there is a most laughable burlesque of "Camille," in which Casimer, in his upholsterer's apron, plays the part of Duval.

Unfortunately Miss Bingham plays her part so realistically that Casimer weeps over her spirit of sacrifice and refuses to separate her from the painter. This, however, is accomplished in the last act.

The bloodthirsty Hungarian has agreed also to subject himself to the process of the German professor. Ninette wisely decides that his noble Hungarian blood shall receive an admixture of that of a lamb. And when this has been accomplished Arpad becomes as meek and trustful a lover as any woman could desire.

Mr. Cotton bears the brunt of the hard work in the piece, and provokes most of the audience's laughter. Amelia Bingham, in the "Camille" burlesque," created much amusement. The rest of the cast appeared to live up to their parts fairly well.

"The Proper Caper" is hardly a "Never Again," nor has it the uproarious qualities of a "Too Much Johnson," but it looked last night as though it would "go."

"A Lady of Quality."

Detroit, Mich., Oct. 4.—Before a large house Miss Julia Arthur made her debut tonight at the Detroit Opera House, appearing as Clorinda Wildair in the dramatization of Mrs. Burnett's novel, "A Lady of Quality." From the beginning of the piece it was a hit. The first act, hardly more than a prologue, attracted the deep interest of the audience, and upon the rise of the curtain on the second act the players and the star was enthusiastically applauded. Miss Arthur's fencing bout with Sir. John Oxon, in the first act, elicited cheers, and at her exit, when she bade farewell to her boyish part and costume to return as "A Lady of Quality," the star was twice recalled. The scenery used in the production is of the most superb character. The play was staged under the direction of Napiet Lothian, Jr., who was Mary Anderson's stage manager.

Frank Harvey's melodrama, "Brother for Brother," presented by an adequate company, opened a week's engagement at the New Metropolis Theatre.

At the People's Theatre this week's bill is "The Sidewalks of New York."

Dockstader at Pastor's.

Lew Dockstader kept the audience in a permanent condition of hilarity while he was on the stage at Pastor's yesterday. His act is entirely original, and is full of bright local hits and catchy songs. Pauline Markham, who was at one time the theatrical favorite of the New York public, but who has been absent from the stage for many years, presented, with the assistance of Kathryne Dana, a very meritorious comedy sketch illustrating the trials of two soubrettes who get stranded in a country town and are forced to pawn their clothes for food. This gives Miss Markham an opportunity to show how shapely she is as a living picture. She has an attractive stage presence and an individuality that is sufficiently marked to make it interesting. The programme as a whole was variety of a high class, and the audience manifested its appreciation by applauding generously and often.

Bright Star at Keith's.

That pretty and clever comedienne, Lilian Burkhart, is one of the star features at Keith's this week. Assisted by Forrest Flood, she appears in a new comedietta entitled "Extravagance," which humorously deals with the fondness for spending money and its cure. The comedy work of both was admirable, and the warm applause at the finish of the sketch gave evidence that the audience fully appreciated their efforts. M. Servais, the illusionist, made his American debut, and did some remarkably clever work. The Biograph had some new and interesting scenes, and was as popular as ever. Maxwell and Simpson, Evans and Vidocq, the De Moras, the Seven Reed Birds, Ford and West, the Emerson Ladies' Quartet, and others made successful bids for favor.

De Wolf Hopper and his company, including Edna Wallace Hopper, in "El Capitan," were the attractions that crowded the Harlem Opera House to the doors. The scenery had been repainted, and all the principals had new costumes.

"The Electrician."

"The Electrician," a play not seen in New York before, although successful on the road, was produced last evening at the Third Avenue Theatre. It tells the adventures of Tom Edson, who rises from the humble position of electrician to a millionaire. The scenes are laid in Denver and in Cripple Creek, and the second act shows the interior of an electric light plant in full operation, supposed to be the first of its kind in that section. This is made the great scene in the play, and the villain, having been discovered, attempts to wreck the machinery. While at his work the father of Tom Edson enters, then follows an exciting scuffle between the father and the villain, and the old man is pushed against the switchboard and electrocuted.

The play is filled with many amusing incidents and cleverly drawn typical Western characters, and a delightful vein of comedy runs through the entire five acts.

There was a very large audience in attendance, and at the end of each act Mr. Charles E. Blaney's newest comedy-drama was greeted with loud applause of a kind that showed that he had pleased the Eastsiders more than any play produced at young Mr. Hammerstein's theatre in a long time.

Jefferson Ready for Work.

Buzzard's Bay, Mass., Oct. 4.—Joe Jefferson left his summer home this morning, going to Boston on the Cape Cod express which arrived in Boston at 10 o'clock. Mr. Jefferson was accompanied by his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph W. Jefferson and Mr. Willie Jefferson. The veteran actor will occupy a suite of rooms at the Parker House until Thursday, when he goes to Portland to open his professional season in "Rip Van Winkle."

Mr. Jefferson is enjoying the best of health, and said that he regretted that his engagements would not permit him to remain longer at his home. Mr. Jefferson reiterated what he has previously stated, that he would not retire from the stage after this season.

A new song by Charles Hoyt, entitled "The Sign of Love," was introduced in "A Stranger in New York," at the Garrick.

"What Happened to Jones," moved from the Manhattan to the Bijou Theatre, celebrated its fiftieth performance by the distribution of "cold tea" souvenirs, which were much appreciated by the ladies as well as by the gentlemen, as it rendered going out between the acts wholly superfluous.

Nance O'Neil as Camille.

Since the younger Dumas made famous his youthful friend, Marie Deplessis, by writing his romance "La Dame aux Camilie," which he afterward dramatized, every actress of note has attempted it, and few have succeeded. It came last night to Nance O'Neil to try the part, and she stood the ordeal bravely, although she might have repeated what the great Dejacet said to Dumas, when offered the part: "Your play is grand, but this part is beyond my strength."

Poor "Camille!" When it was written, although approved by pere Dumas, it was refused by every manager in Paris. Every great actress ran away from the enthusiastic young dramatist, and Mme. Doche, persuaded to hear it read, shuddered and said sarcastically: "The action moves in a world of which I am ignorant." Then answered Dumas, quickly, "You are too old to learn." It lost him her friendship, and for the ninth time he returned to his home with his play.

It was Prince President Louis Napoleon who, through the intercession of the Dude de Morny, ordered the censors to permit the play to be heard at the Vaudeville, and then came more trouble.

Charles Fechter was cast for Armand Duval, and at rehearsal Dumas pulled him aside and whispered: "My friend, in this play one must leave beaten paths. What is necessary is boldness. In your great scene you must seize Marguerite by the arm, throw her on her knees and raise your fist to strike her."

Fichter looked at him stupefied, and said: "You are mad."

It was the first time a woman on the French stage had been thrown down. Fechter refused. The rehearsals came to a stop when the actor was persuaded to attempt it, as Dumas stubbornly refused any half-way interpretation of his scene. The play made a big hit, and has now for an entire generation furnished material for young actresses to attack, for it is too good to ruin.

Miss O'Neil copied neither the tradition of Mathilda Heron nor the newer conception of Sarah Bernhardt. She makes Camille an American, not a Parisienne, and perhaps it is to her credit to have her say, as did Mme. Doche: "I know not the world of the demi-monde."

The audience was a large one—friends to Miss O'Neil, and to McKee Rankin, who was a famous Armand in his day, but who on this occasion played the small part of Armand's father, as it has seldom been played.

The Brothers Byrne, in the "New 8 Bells," was the attraction which filled the Grand Opera House.